

Thursday, November 18 [1943]

Dear Lee:

I mailed your Thanksgiving box on Tuesday and do hope it reaches you by Thanksgiving Day. Let me know how the gingerbread arrives. We are being urged to get off all Christmas mail in November if possible, but I hate to make you cookies so far ahead. I know I'll not get yours off this month. Don't forget to tell us about the kind of watch you want when you write, if you haven't already done so.

Last night daddy and I went to see "For Whom the Bell Tolls". It's fine acting, but terrible of course, although it did not take as much out of me as "Bataan". I suppose that is because Bataan was a picture of our fighting forces and what is going on from day to day, while the Spanish civil war now seems far away, and to some really was fought by the Germans, Italians and Russians as a testing ground for their weapons in this present conflict.

Uncle Marion and family are coming to Wilmington for the weekend. Sunday I am having them and grandmother out for dinner. It will be a combination birthday dinner for daddy and Uncle Marion and Thanksgiving, too, I guess. We shall miss you and Shirley sadly on that day. I think we will have a turkey Sunday, for we would hardly want to have one on Thursday for just daddy, Bernice and I.

Polly Jacoby is living in Wilmington now, and I guess will stay here until the war is over and High returns.

There is an all-day meeting in McCabe church tomorrow and I have been asked to speak in the morning on the work of the woman's society. I am not having much time to do such things now, of course, and have told the nominating committee that I will not be up for re-election as district president next year, - beginning in January.

Shirley writes that she is to sing in chapel today for the first time and has been asked to do something for Christmas. I am sorry her schedule is so full that she cannot take music, for I do want her to continue.

Ruth Collins is to be married tonight in Grace Church to Clyde Taggart.

Have you heard from Mrs. Dexter? She wrote for your address the other day.

Do you remember Roy Wilson who used to go to Silverbrook when we were there, - sang in the choir? He moved to Centerville, Md., you may remember, and visited us in Crisfield. The morning paper

announces that he was killed in action.

Daddy got a letter from Senator Bridges this week and he was asking for you. He has a boy in the South Pacific.

Did daddy tell you that the Bombers are having no night games this year? The only time they are playing in Wilmington is on Sunday afternoons. Are you taking part in any athletics at the field?

Sunday when we were coming home from church we stopped at the airport a few minutes, for army planes were practising picking up gliders. They have been at it almost all this week. Is that a part of every pilot's training, or is that something special which comes only to some after they get their wings?

Of course you know without saying that we shall all be thinking of you even more than ever on Thanksgiving Day, and praying that this time next year we shall all be together once more.

With all my love.

*Mother*